THE PHILADELPHIA MINERVA.

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The Adventures of Alphonſo and Marina; an intereſting Spaniſh Tale.

[Continued.]

ALPHONSO, in deſpair, immediately offered to go in queſt of [illegible] Henriquez, thanking him for the concern he expreſſed, declared his reſolution to accompany him. Alphonſo ſuggeſted, that the probability of finding her would be greater, if they took different roads. Accordingly, he haſtened to rejoin his domeſtics: and not doubting but Marina had taken the road to Portugal, put his horſes at full ſpeed. But their ſwiftneſs only removed him farther from the object of his love; while Henriquez galloped towards the Alpuxarian mountains, the way which Marina had actually taken.

In the mean time, Marina continued to wander, diſconſolate, along the road that led to the Alpuxarras. Preſently ſhe heard the clattering noiſe of approaching horſes; and at firſt, imagined it might be her beloved Alphonſo: but, afterwards, fearful of diſcovery, or apprehenſive of robbers, ſhe concealed herſelf, trembling, behind ſome buſhes.

Here ſhe preſently ſaw Henriquez paſs by, followed by a number of ſervants. Shuddering at the danger of being again in the power of Alonzo, if ſhe continued in the high road, ſhe turned aſide, and [illegible] wood.

The Alpuxarras are a chain of mountains, which extend from Granada to the Mediterranean. They are inhabited only by a few peaſants. To theſe, fear and terror conducted the unfortunate maid.—A dry and ſtony ſoil, with a few oak trees, thinly ſcattered; ſome torrents and echoing cataracts, and a number of wild goats, leaping from precipice to precipice; are the only objects which preſent themſelves at day break to the eyes of Marina. Exhauſted at length, by fatigue and vexation, ſhe ſat down in the cavity of a rock, through the clefts of which a limpid water gently oozed.

The ſilence of this grotto, the wildneſs of the landſcape around, the hoarſe and diſtant murmur of ſeveral caſcades, and the noiſe of the water near her, falling drop by drop into the baſon it had hollowed beneath, all conſpired to excite in Marina the moſt melancholy ſenſations. Now ſhe thought herſelf cruelly abandoned by her lover; and now ſhe perſuaded herſelf that ſome miſtake had happened; 'It certainly could not be Alphonſo,' ſaid ſhe, 'to whom I gave my diamonds. I muſt have been miſtaken. No doubt he is now far hence, ſeeking me with anxiety and diſtraction; while I, as far diſtant from him, am periſhing here.'

While thus mournfully ruminating, Marina, on a ſudden, heard the ſound of a ruſtic flute. Attentively liſtening, ſhe ſoon heard an harmonious voice, deploring in plaintive ſtrains, the infidelity of his miſtreſs, and the miſeries of diſappointed love.

'And who can be more ſenſible of this than myſelf?' ſaid Marina, leaving the grotto, in ſearch of this unfortunate lover.

She found a young goatherd, ſitting at the foot of a willow, his eyes bedewed with tears, and intent on the water as it iſſued from its rocky ſource. In his hand he held a flageolet, and by his ſide lay a ſtaff and a little parcel.

'Shepherd!' ſaid Marina, 'you are no doubt forſaken by your miſtreſs: have pity on one abandoned, like yourſelf, and conduct me to ſome habitation, where I may procure ſuſtenance, at leaſt, tho' not repoſe!'

'Alas! Madam,' anſwered the goatherd, 'I wiſh it were in my power to conduct you to the village of Gadara, behind theſe rocks: but you will not aſk me to return thither, when you are informed that my miſtreſs is this day to be married to my rival. I am going to leave theſe mountains, never to behold them more; and I carry nothing with me but my flute, a change of dreſs, which I have in this parcel, and the memory of the happineſs which I have loſt.'

This ſhort account ſuggeſted a new project to Marina.

'My friend,' ſaid ſhe to the goatherd, 'you have no money; which you will certainly want, when you have left this country. I have a few ducats, which I will divide with you, if you let me have the dreſs in your parcel.'

The goatherd accepted the offer. Marina gave him a dozen ducats, and, having learned the road to Gadara, took leave of the deſpairing lover, and returned into the grotto to put on her diſguiſe.

She came out habited in a veſt of chamois ſkin, with a ſhepherd's wallet hanging by her ſide, and, on her head, a hat ornamented with ribbands. In this attire ſhe appeared yet more beautiful than when adorned with brocades and jewels. She took the road to the village, and, ſtopping in the market place, enquired of the peaſants, if they knew of any farmer who wanted a ſervant.

The inhabitants ſurround her, and ſurvey the ſtranger with admiration. The girls expreſs their ſurpriſe at the beauty of her flowing ringlets. Her elegant form, her graceful manner, the brilliancy of her eyes, even tho' dejected, their ſuperior intelligence and mild benignity, aſtoniſh and delight all beholders. No one could conceive from whence came this beautiful youth. One imagines him a perſon of high diſtinction in diſguiſe; another, a prince, in love with ſome ſhepherdeſs; while the ſchoolmaſter, who was at the ſame time the poet of the village, declared it muſt be Apollo, ſent down a ſecond time, to keep ſheep among mortals!

Marina, who aſſumed the name of Marcello, was not long in want of a maſter. She was hired by an aged alcaid, or judge of the village, eſteemed one of the worthieſt men in the whole province.

This honeſt countryman ſoon contracted the warmeſt friendſhip for Marina. He ſcarcely ſuffered her to tend his flock for a month before he gave her an employment within his houſe, in which the pretended Marcello behaved with ſo much propropriety and fidelity, that he was equally beloved by his maſter, and the ſervants.

Before he had lived here ſix months, the alcaid, who was more than eighty, left the entire management of all his affairs to Marcello: he even aſked his opinion in all the cauſes that came before him, and never had any alcaid decided with ſo much juſtice as he, from the time he permitted himſelf to be guided by the advice of Marcello, who was propoſed as an example to all the village; his affability, his pleaſing manner, and his good ſenſe, gained every heart. 'See the excellent Marcello,' cried the mothers to their ſons, 'he is perpetually employed in rendering his old maſter's age happy, and never neglects his duty, to run after the ſhepherdeſſes!'

Two years paſſed away in this manner. Marina, whoſe thoughts were continually employed on her lover, had ſent a ſhepherd, in whom ſhe could confide, to Granada, to procure information concerning Don Alphonſo, Alonzo, and Henriquez. The ſhepherd brought word back, that Alonzo was dead, Henriquez married, and that Alphonſo had not been ſeen or heard of for two years.

Marina now loſt all hope of again beholding her lover, and, happy in being able to paſs her days in that village, in the boſom of peace and friendſhip, had reſolved to bid an eternal adieu to love, when the old alcaid, her maſter, fell dangerouſly ill.—Marcello attended his laſt moments with all the affection of a ſon, and the good old man behaved to him like a grateful father: he died and left all he poſſeſſed to the faithful Marcello. But his will was far from being a conſolation to his heir.

The whole village lamented the alcaid, and, after his funeral rites had been celebrated, the inhabitants aſſembled to chooſe a ſucceſſor. In Spain certain villages have the right of nominating their own alcaid, whoſe office it is to decide their differences, and take cognizance of greater crimes by arreſting and examining the offenders, and delivering them over to the ſuperior judges, who generally confirm the ſentence of thoſe ruſtic magiſtrates; for good ſenſe are always perfectly conſonant to ſimple reaſon.

The aſſembled villagers unanimouſly agreed, that no one could be ſo proper to ſucceed the late alcaid as the youth whom he ſeemed to have deſigned for his ſucceſſor. The old men, therefore, followed by their ſons, came with the uſual ceremonies to offer Marcello the white wand, the enſign of the office. Marina accepted, and ſenſibly touched by ſuch a proof of eſteem and affection from theſe good people, reſolved to conſecrate to their happineſs a life which ſhe had formerly intended to dedicate to love.

While the new alcaid is engaged with the duties of her office, let us return to the unfortunate Don Alphonſo, whom we left galloping towards Portugal, and continually removing farther from the beloved object of his purſuit.

Don Alphonſo arrived at Liſbon, without obtaining any intelligence of Marina, and immediately returned, by the ſame road, to ſearch every place he had before in vain examined; again he returned to Liſbon, but without ſucceſs.

After ſix months ineffectual enquiry, being convinced that Marina had never returned to Granada, he imagined ſhe might perhaps be at Seville, where he knew, ſhe had relations. He immediately haſtened to Seville, and there found that the relations of Marina had juſt embarked for Mexico.

Don Alphonſo no longer doubted that his miſtreſs was gone with them, and directly went on board

the laſt ſhip which remained to ſail. He arrived at Mexico, where he found the relations, but, alas! no Marina: they had heard nothing of her: he therefore returned to Spain. And now the ſhip is attacked by a violent ſtorm, and caſt away on the coaſt of Granada: he and a few of the paſſengers, ſave themſelves by ſwimming; they land, and make their way to the mountains, to procure aſſiſtance, and, by accident or love, are conducted to Gadara.

Don Alphonſo and his unfortunate companions, took refuge in the firſt inn, congratulating each other on the danger they had eſcaped. While they were diſcourſing on their adventures, one of the paſſengers began to quarrel with a ſoldier, concerning a box, which the paſſenger aſſerted belonged to him.

Don Alphonſo deſirous to put an end to the contention, obliged the paſſenger to declare what it contained, opening it, at the ſame time, to diſcover whether he ſpoke truth.

How great was his ſurpriſe to find in it the jewels of Marina, and, among them the very emerald he had given her. For a moment he ſtood motionleſs, examining attentively the caſket, and fixing his eyes ſparkling with rage, on the claimant, 'how came you by theſe jewels?' ſaid he, with a terrible voice.

'What does it ſignify,' replied the paſſenger, haughtily, 'how I came by them? It is ſufficient that they are mine.'

He then endeavoured to ſnatch the caſket from Don Alphonſo; but the latter, puſhing him back, inſtantly drew his ſword, and exclaiming, 'Wretch confeſs your crime, or you die this moment,' attacked him with great fury: his antagoniſt defended himſelf deſperately, but preſently received a mortal wound, and fell.

Don Alphonſo was immediately ſurrounded by the people of the houſe. They take him to priſon, and the maſter of the inn ſends his wife to fetch the clergyman of the pariſh, that he may adminiſter ſpiritual comfort to the dying man, while he runs himſelf, to the alcaid to carry the caſket, and inform him of the whole adventure.

How great was the ſurpriſe, the joy, and the anxiety of Marina on perceiving her diamonds, and hearing the behaviour of the noble ſtranger!

She immediately haſtened to the inn: the miniſter was already there; and the dying man, induced by his exhortations, declared, in preſence of the alcaid, that, two years before, as he was one night paſſing through a ſtreet in Granada, a lady had given him that box, through a lattice, deſiring him to hold it till ſhe came down, but that he immediately made off with the jewels; for which theft he aſked pardon of God, and of the unknown lady he had injured. He immediately expired, and Marina haſtened to the priſon.

Imagine the palpitations of her heart: ſhe could no longer doubt but ſhe ſhould again ſee Don Alphonſo, but ſhe was apprehenſive of being known by him: ſhe therefore pulled her hat over her eyes, wrapped herſelf up in her cloak, and preceded by her clerk and the gaoler, entered the dungeon.

[To be concluded in our next.]

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA MINERVA.

On the Rev. Mr. W——n.

FAME blow thy trumpet, Echo catch the ſound,
And long reverb'rate through the diſtant air;
Make every valley, rock and hill reſound,
And every gentle breeze his praiſes bear.

In each diſcourſe what various beauties ſhine,
There's elegance, ſimplicity, and eaſe;
His reaſoning juſt, his ſentiments refin'd,
His doctrine perfect love redeeming grace.

Enraptur'd I could ſet "from bluſhing morn
Till dewy eve had cloſ'd a ſummer's day,"
In tranſport fix'd to hear the bleſſed ſound,
That Jeſus died to waſh our ſins away.

Long hath the veil of bigotry been worn,
Clouded each proſpect, dark'ned every ſcene,
But ſoon ſhall break the ſmiling radient morn,
And no dark cloud forever intervene.

No more ſhall wealth's vain vot'ries ever dare
To ſnatch the roſy wreath Fame wove for thee,
Thy unknown muſe oft drops the ſilent tear,
O'er modeſt merit's humble deſtiny.

STELLA.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA MINERVA.

On the death of I. W. an only ſon.

COME penſive elegy, inſpire my lays;
With plaintive accents bid my numbers flow;
I ſing a darling's death, a darling's praiſe,
A parent's joy, a parents greateſt woe.

Wrapt in the hollow charnel's ſilent womb,
The fair deceas'd reclines his peaceful head;
A long oblivion ſeals him to the tomb,
Till wak'd to judgment with the happy dead.

If native virtue, wit without offence,
If love parental may deſerve regard,
If ſweeteſt modeſty, beneficence,
An endleſs crown, dear child, is thy reward.

See pale and ſilent lies the lovely clay,
Which vivid health in roſeate bloom array'd;
Fled is each grace, each native charm away,
And every beauty of his form decay'd.

See o'er his lovely duſt with ſorrow bend,
With heart-felt anguiſh preſs'd a weeping train,
The helpleſs parents, kinſmen, ſiſters, friend,
And tacitly of fates decree complain.

Where now is fled the father's fondeſt care,
Wafted far hence to ſome more happy ſhore,
The mother's earthly joy is loſt in air,
And all her riſing glories are no more.

Soft in the down of placid hope he lay,
With brow ſerene beheld th' approach of death,
Waiting the dawning of immortal day,
To heav'ns fair realms reſign'd his guiltleſs breath.

CLAVANDUS.

THE HUMOURISTS.

A WELL known perſon, of an odd turn of humour, riding on horſeback, ſome time ago near Bath, happened to meet another equal to himſelf in a lane ſo narrow that neither could paſs without one gave way, which neither would do. Both made a halt, and not a ſingle word was ſpoken, till the firſt mentioned perſon very deliberately pulled a newſpaper out of his pocket, and began to read to himſelf, with the utmoſt compoſure, when the other, determined to prove an equal degree of patience and obſtinacy, lieſurely took a pinch of ſnuff, and very gravely accoſted him, "Sir, when you have done with that paper, I ſhould be glad to look at it," which ſo pleaſed the humoriſt, that he immediately pulled off his ſpectacles, and ſeized him by the hand, declaring at the ſame time, that, "he ſhould go home and dine with him."

EPITAPH.

A gen'rous foe, a faithful friend,
A victor bold here made his end;
He conquer'd both in life and peace,
By death ſubdu'd, his glories ceaſe;
Aſk'ſt thou, who finiſh'd here his courſe,
With ſo much honour?—'Twas a HORSE.

THE ODD FELLOW.

YOUR odd fellow is one who will do nothing like the reſt of the world. There was, a few years ago, a remarkable illuſtration of this character in one White, a man of a ſmall independent fortune, who lived in a borough of Southwark; this man acted wholly upon the principles of contradiction; on a Sunday he always wore the worſt cloaths, and fed on the worſt food he could get, becauſe other people both eat and wore the beſt; on a Monday, becauſe it is a holiday, he uſed to employ himſelf in ſome kind of work from the morning till night; the reſt of the week he kept holiday, dreſſing himſelf juſt decent on a Tueſday, better on a Wedneſday, better ſtill on Thurſday, and ſo on till on on Saturday evening, when other people are buſy and dirty, he was the idleſt and beſt dreſt man in the pariſh: He uſed to make a point of dining on a gooſe on Shrove Tueſday, and on pancakes on Michaelmas-day; he fed upon oſters as long as the weather continued hot, but left off eating them as ſoon as there was an R in the month; he almoſt ſtarved himſelf on a Chriſtmas-day, and eat like a glutton, when there was a public proclamation for a faſt; when it rained hard he went without his waiſtcoat or great coat, but would button himſelf cloſe and warm in the hotteſt day in ſummer, he wrote with a ſkewer cut in the form of a pen, and faſtened his letters with paſte; he conſtantly ſat on a low table, and eat off a chair; he ſlept in his kitchen, breakfaſted in the garret, dined in the cellar, and eat ſupper all the year round in the paſſage leading to the ſtreet-door; he married three wives and lived with neither of them; once a month he hired a coach, but always rode with the coachman; he ſometimes called for liquor at a public houſe, but always drank it at the door; he ſhaved himſelf with a pen-knife, and combed his wig with a cloaths bruſh; he ſometimes went to church, and ſtaid the whole ſervice, but never ſet down; when in company he never ſpoke a word, but when alone he was always talking to himſelf; when he was ſick he ſent for the butcher, but often when in health he conſulted the apothecary: he paid his houſe-rent in the middle of the quarter, and always before it became due; when he died he owed no man a ſhilling, and took ſufficient care that no man ſhould ever owe him ſixpence.

A SONNET.

SEE, o'er the waters far extended plain,
Yon veſſel comes with all her canvaſs ſpread;
Beats on the waves, and riſing, falls again:
Still paſſing on, ſhe ſlowly moves ahead.

So man is toſs'd upon a ſea of cares;
Now rais'd to honor, wealth, and ſhort-liv'd fame;
Now ſunk in miſery's vale with ſullen fears;
Still paſſing to the land from whence he came.

Time haſteth on with drowſy wings, while ſad;
Juſt ſo yon ſhip, when adverſe gales ariſe:
But when the hour of Pleaſure is ſurvey'd,
As darting ſun-beams, the ſeducer flies.
Ah! that I warn'd might be, from this ſad truth,
Nor ſplit on pleaſure's rocks, and wreck my youth.

WONDERFUL.

IN the twentieth year of queen Elizabeth, Mark Scaliot, a blackſmith, made a lock conſiſting of eleven pieces, of iron, ſteel, and braſs: all which, together with a pipe-key to it, weighed but one grain of gold. He had alſo a chain of gold, conſiſting of forty-three links, whereunto having faſtened the lock and key before mentioned, he put the chain about a flea's neck, which drew them all with eaſe; all theſe together, lock and key, chain and flea, being weighed, the weight of them was but one grain and a half!!!

Philadelphia, *October* 17.

Robert Hare, Esq. is elected to represent the county of Philadelphia, and the county of Delaware in the Senate of Pennsylvania.

Representatives for the city of Philadelphia.

George Latimer, B. R. Morgan, L. Seckle, Jacob Hilnheimer, Francis Gurney, Robert Waln.

For the County.

B. M'Clenachan, R. Tittermary, Michael Leib, I. Worrell, Manuel Eyre, W. Leonard.

County Commissioner.

Peter Helm.

Extract of a letter from a gentleman in London, dated 12th August, 1795.

"This government are now paying for the cargoes lately brought in here, and though some difficulties occur, I believe they will all be paid for—the recent ones are selling on their own account.

"The Treaty has arrived and many think with me, that by the ratification much has been gained by America, and that if new negociations occur in consequence of it, greater advantages may still be obtained. I am glad to see the capture business placed in the hands of commissioners, as at present it is in Doctors commons among a set of the vilest men, from whom justice cannot be expected."

Extract of a letter from New-York, dated 14th October.

"Of all the places I ever was in, New-York is the meanest. In this great calamity which attends them—when hundreds of their fellow citizens and their families are reduced to the greatest poverty and distress, and now languishing in the midst of disease, a few solitary subscriptions, of the middling rank, are almost the only marks of fellow feeling to be discovered amongst them. The person who first set the noble example, I am told, is an Englishman and has realized in a few years in this city near half a million, has put his *name* to twenty-five dollars! others who have also gained large fortunes within two or three years are not heard of, altho' on every other occasion are foremost to be distinguished for the *good* of their country; one of this description is building a marble palace—a proper emblem of his heart. It would pain your sympathizing breast to witness the extreme apathy which prevails in this place. The different characteristics of your city and this may be explained; that your *present* of 5000D. was the voluntary subscription of individuals in it transmitted in terms peculiarly grateful and generous, whilst the 5000 sent you from this city in 1793 was the act of the corporation *only*, and has been since thrown in your teeth in a disgusting manner by their eloquent mouth piece, the editor of the Minerva. Even the quakers *here* seem of a different species; we hear of *no* exertions of theirs, and they have been publicly admonished on the subject which seems to have produced no effect or reply. The sailors have a term "as busy as a Waterford merchant," they may well say hereafter (for they have suffered greatly) *as mean as a New-York Merchant!*

Extract of a letter from a gentleman in Dublin, to a merchant in this city, dated August 10, 1795.

"It is now generally thought here that a peace will take place shortly—Indeed it is said this day, that there are actually two commissioners from the Convention of France treating with Mr. Pitt. There is a confirmation of the treaty between France and Spain: the kings of Sardinia and Naples, and the Emperor, are also negociating;—so that there is every prospect of tranquility being again restored to Europe."

Lord Dorchester, governor of Low Canada, has issued a proclamation, dated at Quebec, Sept. 9, stating, that as, on account of the high prices of wheat and flour, the inhabitants were generally disposing of their stock on hand necessary for their subsistence; to the end that his majesty's good subjects may be relieved from the apprehension of scarcity and want, and that all precautions may be taken to provide for the quiet advantage and sustenance of his majesty's subjects in that province, his Lordship has accordingly ordered, "that an embargo be "laid from and after the tenth day of Sept. instant, "upon all ships and vessels laden or to be laden, in "whole or part, with wheat, peafe, oats, barley, "Indian corn, flour and biscuit, that shall not be "laden or cleared at the Custom House, on or be-"fore the tenth of this present month; and that the "said embargo do continue and remain from the "said tenth day of Sept. instant, until the tenth day "of December next."

EXTRACT.

"I admit the naval strength of G. B. and the naval impotency of the U. S. but it is this very inequality of situation which, I contend, demands the most tenacious care of our means of defence. Her navies have the power to annoy our commerce, and even to sweep the ocean of our vessels. The will sometimes accompanies the power, and sets it in motion. Past experience may perhaps convince us of their close connection, and of the very natural action of the one upon the other. Interest more generally than justice, guides the conduct of nations, and a reliance upon the former, is much more secure than a dependence on the latter. If the United States, therefore, possess any internal means by which in any situation, they might counteract the exercise of this naval superiority, it cannot be wise or prudent in them to surrender forever, the use of them. It is not impossible that the British Minister at the very moment of the negociation, contemplated such means in their possession: The idea would not be novel in the British cabinet, that the right of sequestration might be exercised; and it is at least conjecturable that impressed with the justice of our complaints, under the late British spoliations, the minister, feeling apprehensive that the United States might exercise this right, seized the favourable moment to insert this article in the treaty."

PITTSBURGH, October 10.

On Friday last the following melancholy accident happened in Washington county:—The Rev. Mr. Henderson, many years the pastor of a large congregation in that country, as he was standing by his son who was felling a bee tree in a wood adjoining his house, the tree fell in a different direction from what was expected, and a limb of it striking Mr. Henderson put an end to his mortal existence.

WHITESTOWN, Sept. 23.

At the present time, throughout the whole of this western country, sickness and death prevail, beyond what has ever before been experienced since its first settlement. Scarce a family escapes; and numbers of whole families labour under the affliction of a dreadful disease. The diseases most prevalent, are, the lake (or Genesee) fever; the intermittant fever, and the ague and fever.

The lake fever handles its votaries very roughly; and many are forced to yield to its unrelenting sway.

We have, however, authority to say that the lake fever is not confined wholly to lake towns; but is frequent in the most inland towns.

BOSTON, Oct. 12.

There have arrived in the port of Boston, since the 12th of last month, from foreign ports, 100 vessels, viz.

Ships,	Barques,	Snows,	Brigs,	Sloops,	Schooners,
24	4	3	25	6	38

of the above number, the principal part have arrived in the course of 12 days last past.

We are sorry to say, that considerable damage was done to the shipping in our harbour, yesterday, by a strong S. E. wind: and the vessels lying at the long and other wharves, 3 and 4 abreast—considering the croud of vessels lying at our piers, it is a matter of surprise there were no more damage done—the vessels on our coast, bound inwards must have suffered considerably: the Brutus fired signals of distress for some vessel in danger.

INVENTION.

A machine, worked by water, has lately been erected in Springfield, by licence from the Patentee, for shearing cloth—This machine, though the principles of it are simple, is however, an invention of very considerable merit—the operation of shearing, by this means, is performed in much less time and with a degree of neatness, infinitely superior to that usually practised.

Another has been invented, by Mr. Walter Burt, of Wilbraham, for Carding, and Rolling cloth, which goes by water, this is also an invention of considerable usefulness, as it will supercede the necessity of much manual labour, and facilitate in an important degree the finishing of cloths.

NEW-YORK, October 13.

It is a curious fact, that there is a Pear Tree now in Blossom, in the ground opposite the east front of the Government House.

PARIS, August 29.

We find in the Gazette Francaise, the following account of a grievous phenomenon.

"The village situate on the lake of the four villages de Bois, belonging to Lucerne named Weggis, has disappeared in the following manner: A rivulet which ran from the mountain of Regia to this village suddenly changed its course; it was observed and found that it emptied itself into a profound gulph of the mountain. At the same time, it was perceived that in many places near the village, the earth sunk, and that the tower of the church shook. The inhabitants delayed not immediately to carry off their effects, and in a few hours the ground on which the village was situated gave way towards the lake and at the same time, a part of the mountain fell down and the village was swallowed up."

Hymeneal Court.

MARRIED,

On Wednesday evening, by the Rev. Dr. Andrews, Mr. THOMAS STEPHENS, Stationer, south Second street, to Miss MARY BLISS, both of this city.

On Thursday evening, by the Rev. Dr. Ewing, WILLIAM H. TOD, Esq. to Miss MARY CAMPBELL, daughter of George Campbell, Esq.

The same evening, by the Rev. Dr. Magaw, Mr. THOMAS ARMAT, jun. merchant, to Miss ANN YATES, both of this city.

☞ *Several complete sets of the Philadelphia Minerva, from its commencement to the 26th number, are wanted at this office; One Dollar will be given for each set.*

SUBSCRIPTIONS for this paper, at two Dollars per annum are thankfully received.

Court of Apollo.

RIGHTS OF WOMAN.

[BY A LADY.]

TUNE—"*God save America.*"

GOD save each Female's right,
Show to her raviſh'd ſight
Woman is Free;
Let Freedom's voice prevail,
And draw aſide the vail,
Supreme Effulgence hail,
Sweet Liberty.

Man boaſts the noble cauſe,
Nor yields ſupine to laws
Tyrants ordain:
Let woman have a ſhare,
Nor yield to ſlaviſh fear,
Her equal rights declare,
And well maintain.

Come forth with ſenſe array'd,
Nor ever be diſmay'd
To meet the foe,—
Who with aſſuming hands
Unbuck the iron bands,
To obey his raſh commands,
And vainly bow.

O let the ſacred fire
Of Freedom's voice inſpire
A Female too:—
Man makes the cauſe his own,
And Fame his acts renown,—
Woman thy fears diſown,
Aſſert thy due.

Think of the cruel chain,
Endure no more the pain
Of ſlavery:—
Why ſhould a tyrant bind
A cultivated mind,
By Reaſon well refin'd,
Ordained Free.

Why ſhould a woman lie
In baſe obſcurity,
Her talents hid;
Has providence aſſign'd
Her ſoul to be confin'd,
In not her gentle mind
By virtue led?

With this engaging charm,
Where is ſo much the harm
For her to ſtand,
To join the grand applauſe
Of truth and equal laws,
Or lend the noble cauſe,
Her feeble hand.

Let ſnarling cynics frown,
Their maxims I diſown,
Their ways deteſt:—
By man, your tyrant lord,
Females no more be aw'd,
Let Freedom's ſacred word,
Inſpire your breaſt.

Woman aloud rejoice,
Exalt thy feeble voice
In chearful ſtrain;
See Wolſtoncraft, a friend,
Your injur'd rights defend,
Wiſdom her ſteps attend,
The cauſe maintain.

A voice re-echoing round,
With joyful accents ſound,
"Woman be Free;
Aſſert the noble claim,
All ſelfiſh arts diſdain;"
Hark how the note proclaim,
"Woman is Free!"

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA MINERVA.

Meſſrs. Printers,

THOUGH ſober diſcuſſion (under the gloomy banners of ignorance) may be checked by a torrent of calumnies, nonſenſe, and puerile ſcurrility, it ſhould, at leaſt, be encouraged under the ſtandard of Minerva. It is certainly an evident inſult to the learned goddeſs to offer as tribute at her ſhrine, thoſe grub-ſtreet *eſſays ſo deſtitute of common ſenſe, decency and inſtruction, as it is much the ſame as complimenting her either with* partiality *in a wrong conteſt, or* incapacity *in diſtinguiſhing her votaries from her contemptible adverſaries.*

By reviewing my former remarks, it will be perceived that principles *and not* private characters *engaged my attention; while your juvenile quill driver attacked private characters, finding himſelf unable to make any defence againſt ſound reaſoning. By ſuch mean ſtruggles, the pale ſop, wiſhing to be on the ſame level (I ſuppoſe from his ideas of modern equality) with an author, would be glad to receive another kick for a bite, but indeed he has had already enough with one, which it appears has increaſed his bilious* conſumptive *complaint, without perfectly effecting the cure of his intolerable itch for ſcribbling.*

I have proved evident contradictions in his operoſe eſſays. I have ſhewed the inconſiſtency of his pedantic cobweb arguments, and called on him to juſtify his own aſſertions. What ſatisfactory anſwer did he give? Only notice his recent black-guard effuſions and long winded prolixity, and you will diſcover our effeminate lad exhauſted with all the rage of impotence.

If ſuch be the ſpecimen of his ſuperior knowledge in the Engliſh language, I do not envy his abilities, principles or education. I know thoroughly (and I truſt the proof is unqueſtionable) the language of theſe United States, but I renounce any claim to his Britiſh tranſatlantic billingſgate, *and if in my curſory obſervations I was only his Friſeur, it was for this good reaſon, that he is a* beardleſs *boy, and therefore unfit to come under my razor, which, by the bye, I always keep in order.*

On account of ſome obſolete adjectives *expreſſed in my late piece, I find* Ganimedes *has reaſſumed his antient ſtyle, and indeed, nothing but his productions could ſhow who Mr. Amen is: I muſt, therefore, own candidly my miſtake in having believed him what he is not, and to his fine amplifications I am indebted for being undeceived.*

I conclude, gentlemen, with my appeal to a generous public for their candid deciſion with reſpect to the parties. They have before them the attacks and anſwers on the work entitled the Federal Politician, and by comparing them, their impartial judgment will eaſily diſtinguiſh truth from error. *They will find that in chaſtiſing an aſſaſſin, I had no fair enemy to contend with; and that my declining a further conteſt with an uninformed ſtripling, proceeds chiefly from a due reſpect to the feelings and good ſenſe of your readers, as well as to the welfare of your Gazette: for my own part, therefore, I am done with conveying politics through the channel of the Minerva, leſt the pure ſtream ſhould be polluted in its courſe.*

READER.

HOPE.

True Hope is ſwift, and flies with ſwallow wings;
Kings it makes Gods, and meaner creatures kings.

THE MORALIST.

"Come then with me thy ſorrows join,"
"And eaſe my woes by telling thine."

IT is a pure ſtream that ſwells the tide of ſympathy—it is an excellent heart that intereſts itſelf in the feelings of others—It is a heavenly diſpoſition that engages the affections and extorts the ſympathetic tear for the misfortunes of a friend. Mankind are ever ſubject to ills, infirmities and diſappointments.—Every breaſt at ſome particular period, experiences ſorrow and diſtreſs. Pains and perplexities are the long lived plagues of human exiſtence: But ſympathy is the balm that heals thoſe wounds. If a perſon who has loſt a precious friend, can find another who will feelingly participate in his misfortune, he is well nigh compenſated for his loſs. And delightful is the taſk, to a feeling mind, of ſoftning the painful pillow of the ſick, amuſing the thoughts of the unhappy, and alleviating the tortures of the afflicted. How ſatisfied is the conſcience of him, who can reflect that he has added a comfort to the unfortunate and a ſenſe to the clouded features of the diſcontented. What can afford more refined enjoyment than to walk by the ſide of an unhappy friend in the cooling ſhade, and hear him repeat the hiſtory of his misfortunes—count over the number of his troubles and kindly drop a tear of pity and condolence when his heart bleeds!

Sympathy is a tender paſſion, the offspring of refinement, foſtered in the boſom of friendſhip, and nurtured by love, compaſſion and benevolence. A mind, fraught with ſenſibility, is never deſtitute of this friendly ſenſation: a good heart, however diſquieted, will feel its conſoling influence with thankfulneſs.

SINGULAR CUSTOMS,

IN DIFFERENT PARTS OF THE WORLD.

WE read, in the ſeventeenth volume of the General Hiſtory of Voyages and Travels, That a Dutch clergyman made a preſent of a bottle of gin to an Indian prince, the latter, in order that he might ſhew his gratitude, and do honor to his benefactor, ordered a battle to be fought by his ſubjects, ſo that the earth was ſoon covered with wounded or dying people, and with dead bodies; and, that notwithſtanding the prayers and entreaties of the clergyman, the combat continued for ſome time. "Theſe are my ſubjects, (ſaid the prince) the loſs of them is of very little importance: and I am exceedingly happy in making this ſmall ſacrifice, as a proof of the eſteem which I entertain for you."

In Languedoc, in the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries, when a man or a woman was caught in the act of adultery, the criminal was condemned to run naked, in the middle of the day, from one end of the town to the other.

In public calamities, the Ethiopians ſometimes made a general maſſacre of their prieſts, ſaying, "Go and pray to the gods a little nearer."

Among the ancient Arabs, when a new king was crowned, a liſt of all the names of the women eight or nine months gone with child was made out; theſe females were all ſhut up in the palace, where every poſſible care was beſtowed upon them, and the child firſt born, if a boy, was declared preſumptive heir to the crown.—"Royalty, (they ſaid) ought not to be confined to one family, it belongs to the whole nation."

ANECDOTE OF WHISTON.

THE celebrated Whiſton, dining with lady Feykill, ſiſter to lord Somers, ſhe aſked him why God Almighty made woman out of a rib? Whiſton, after reflecting a moment, replied "Indeed, my lady, I don't know; except it was becauſe the rib is the crookedeſt part of the body."